

*Class of 1910*



AGE QUOD AGIS



**G**RADUATION

**E**XERCISES

OF

**GOULD'S ACADEMY,**

Bethel, Maine,

Thursday, June 9th, 1910.



MUSIC BY

*Payne & Plummer's Orchestra.*

## PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

INVOCATION.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY,

Robert Baker Thurston

SELF CULTURE,

\*Gladys Lenore Twitchell

CLASS ESSAY—WHAT NEXT?

Annis Hadasseh Pingree

ADVANTAGES OF COMPETITION,

\*Cedric Albert Judkins

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES,

Wendell Otis Philbrook

MUSIC.

MY FAVORITE AUTHOR,

\*Edith Annette Thurston

CLASS HISTORY,

Methel Dora Packard

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS,

\*Arthur Harvey Browne

CLASS ORATION—WHAT WE CAN,

Sylvanus Herbert Browne

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY,

\*Marjorie Alice Cushman

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT,

Mildred Angier Browne

MUSIC.

THE IDEAL PUPIL,

\*Florence Marion Cross

CLASS WILL.

Claude Albert Goddard

EVERY MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE,

\*George Edwin Smith

CLASS PROPHECY,

Veronica Retta Shaw

ALFRED THE GREAT,

\*Harry Clayton Coolidge

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS TO CLASS,

Eva Matilda Glines

WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRUE LADY?

\*Agnes Adelia Hutchins

LIQUID AIR,

\*Una Lois Roberts

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

Minnie Irene Wilson

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS.

SINGING CLASS ODE.

BENEDICTION.

\*Excused.

## CLASS ODE.

[AIR: *Departure.*]

Agnes Adelia Hutchins.

Four years we've met together,  
The old bell's joyous peal,  
In fair or wintry weather,  
Hath called us to reveal  
Gould's hidden stores of knowledge,  
To fit us for that day,  
When we must stray beyond her walls,  
To walk life's broader way.

At last this hour of sadness  
Hath come to one and all,  
Throughout the years of gladness  
We've seen the shadow fall ;  
Old Time stood ever by us,  
With scythe and hour-glass too,  
Grim symbols we should never shun,  
But learn their meaning true.

Yet bravely stand we smiling,  
Away the transient gloom,  
Our dearest songs beguiling,  
For brighter thoughts make room ;  
Wherever and whenever  
Our future paths shall meet,  
We know these years at dear old Gould's  
Will bring remembrance sweet.

O, Bethel vales of beauty !  
O, purple mountains fair !  
Whatever be life's duty,  
You've set your standard rare !  
Our hearts with love are swelling,  
We dash away the tears,  
We'll keep thy strength and uplift dear  
Through all the lapsing years.



